

[24/06/06][18:41:24] -

Title: Madness

Author: Genku the Scribe

-==`o`==-.\\==`o`==-

Until the ends of time.

Ost nagramee ramen.

Till night doth come.

Rieme let droh x'hum.

And sweet darkness

takes all.

-==`o`==-.\\==`o`==-

Simple minds

perhaps. Lost minds.

Ancient dreams.

... tip toc top

Where am I? Dance

friend dance.. come

dance with me

weeee...

... toc toc toc ...

What do I do?... what

shall I say?.. tic tic

tic.. hee hee hee

I am mad mad mad...

sad sad sad...

This book is very
dirty. Its pages
smudged with dirt
that seems older than
the stones you see
around you. Clearly
the ravings of a
madman. Yet it's
author was once very
powerful.....

As you continue
reading through the
seemingly endless
succession or inane
musings you stumble
on something that
looks like it's sane...

Mrachar must not

fail this time.. I must have the orb. It is the only way out. Ooooooh my head... it hurts sooo much.. I have been in this blasted tower... I have been living here for longer than I remember and am a prisoner to a power that holds this place .. every year around this time for some reason my mind is free. Free for a short time... free free.. I have slowly planned.. my imp must not fail or I will languish here until the ends of time.... free... freeee..

The author of this book clearly is trapped in some place where a powerful force has enslaved his mind.

As you read on you gather tidbits of information on his condition. You realize he has been put to work performing the most awful tasks any person might rightfully be set to.

Then finally, you come accross a section where in one moment of lucidity he makes reference to an altar and death....

Yet the book ends as it began: in drivel. You cannot tell what happened to the imp but deduce that it was probably a figment of the man's imagination.

Hahahah.. ooof... yes master... oooo

tic toc toc tic... I am old... hee hee hee soon I will join the bones here..

rest.... maybe?